

# Winter Begin-ter

Poetry — Kayla Burrell

Every winter's start I go to the garden and watch the flowers  
get clipped clean till each beheaded rosebush barely  
breaks the hardening soil. It is so they don't die in  
the freeze. It feels

unfair. For months, these plants have painted and  
perfumed their petals, arranged them perfectly atop  
their thorn-adorned stems. But gardening calls  
for merciful shears. And so the roses  
fall. And the stumps

sit alone in the cold surviving. The chill in the air turns  
to snow turns to thaw and slowly, green tendrils snake up  
and rosebuds open like the mouths  
of baby birds tasting spring for the first time.